

"THE HOPEFUL PESSIMIST"

By Eugene Manlove Rhodes

Author of "The Desire of the Moth," "Good Men and True," etc.

"If reasons were as plentiful as blackberries, I would give no man a reason on compulsion, I." So Fairchild, who was a rascal and lovable; and Mr. Hughes, who is not.

Here is the Mr. Hughes of Aug. 19 on domestic issues:

"We must endeavor to have a contented America; the America contented because of the prevalence of just dealings between man and man, aided by wise laws."

Numbers of people have desired just dealing and wise laws. Not in America alone, or in our day only; there have been people like that, ever so long. It is noted with regret that they have not always agreed upon methods.

Considerably cheered that a candidate for President should openly avow that he is not in favor of unjust dealing and unwise laws, some of us have ventured to call to the attention of Mr. Hughes the great but neglected truth, above mentioned, that men desiring the same ends may differ as to means, and have asked him to tell us what he means by wise laws.

Mr. Hughes replies, in his bland and bromeliad way, that wise laws are those laws that will foster just dealing between man and man. Our laws, he says, should be "framed on correct principles." Urged to state his position as to measures known and named, he makes no answer; to definite questions, fairly put, he answers neither "yes" nor "no." He will remember no man a reason on compulsion. He is in favor of a high tariff. The rest is silence.

Right or wrong, we know where Mr. Wilson stands on every question of the day: Child labor, the Federal Reserve Act, Rural Credits, Income Tax, Munitions Tax, Inheritance Tax, the Federal Trade Commission, Workmen's Compensation, the Seaman's Act, on down to cutting out the whole—I should say to the abolition of the wine list in the navy. You know the laws I have not named—the long list of forward-looking, up-building laws of undisputed achievement. You do not know what Mr. Hughes thinks about these things, or what he proposes to do about any of these things.

"Will this dog bite?" asked the agent.

"We don't quite know yet," said the lady of the house. "We have only just got him. But we are trying him with strangers."

Mr. Hughes has voiced a perfunctory, blanket criticism of every Wilsonian measure. But it is a significant fact, worthy of your best attention, that Mr. Hughes has not advocated the repeal of any one of these measures. He has flouted and sneered, but in no instance has he mentioned a Wilsonian law by name and said, "Let us repeal that law."

If he does not want these laws repealed, he must approve of those laws. So much is evident; so much is beyond dispute. But if he approves any of them, he is uncommonly reticent about it.

It may be that Mr. Hughes does not want those laws repealed; it may be that he wants those laws repealed but feels a certain delicacy about saying so; it may be again, that, while he will always be happy to support any just cause endorsed by the Republican party, he doesn't care for casual, chance-meet just causes—picked up, as you might say, on the street.

Should Mr. Hughes become President, he cannot repeal one of those typically Wilson laws. Mind you, I'm not saying he wants to. I don't know; and you don't know. But he couldn't repeal one of them, not if both houses of Congress should suddenly go Republican. Let me whisper to you: The infamous Republicans won't let him.

The infamous Republicans demanded those laws—for many years. They helped to make them; they want other laws moving in the same direction; forward.

We know what Mr. Hughes wants on a few subjects. First, last and all the time, he wants a high tariff. We will talk about that last.

Mr. Hughes favors woman suffrage. So does Mr. Wilson—So do some of the women. So do I. The reasons for which women should vote are precisely the reasons for which men should vote.

Mr. Hughes wants economy. So do I. So do you. You and I are not so very strict about our own district, perhaps; but we are keen about extravagance in Little Rock and Philadelphia. We are like the man who said he was a total abstainer—but not entirely so. If you live in Binghamton, N. Y.,

and write your Congressman protesting against the expensive post-office in Binghamton, Alabama, your letter will excite little remark.

But if you live in Binghamton, and write your congressman that \$500,000 postoffice in Binghamton is a senseless extravagance, he may not be pleased, but he will surely be startled. I think, myself, he will be agreeably surprised. Most of the letters your Congressman get are not that kind.

As a fellow-laborer in this cause, I venture to call to the attention of Mr. Hughes a very sad case:

"The Hon. George W. Fairchild, Republican, of Oneonta, represents the Thirty-fourth New York District in the Sixty-fourth Congress, and wants to represent it in the Sixty-fifth. According to The Knickerbocker Press, he is paying for the publication and circulation of a letter written by a Mr. Barlow, who believes that the folks of Binghamton, in Broome County and Mr. Fairchild's district are anxiously desirous of a New Postoffice, which means an expenditure of \$500,000." Mr. Fairchild's letter writer says, with adorable directness and simplicity:

"This is a nice bunch of money for mechanics and laborers, and when distributed it certainly will help our merchants and townsmen generally. Now let's look this proposition over carefully. Could we expect a new man to go to Washington, regardless of what political party he might belong to, and accomplish anything for several years to come?"

"Binghamton is a thriving, growing city. In 1915 its population was 53,668. If it needs a new Post Office, it needs it now. It needs it for the reasons, all right; and the proper cost of it need not here concern us. But \$500,000 nakedly dangled before the voters as a 'nice bunch of money' for Binghamton laborers, mechanics, merchants and Binghamtonians generally looks too good for this uplifted time."

There are a few words from a widely copied editorial urging Mr. Fairchild's re-election:

"And for a final consideration, his success in securing appropriations for public buildings in his district is evidence of the confidence which the House feels in his judgment."

Here are a few words from a widely copied editorial concerning Mr. Hughes very directly. If Congress goes Republican and Mr. Fairchild goes to Congress, Mr. Fairchild is slated for chairmanship of the Ways and Means Committee.

Colonel Roosevelt says that Mr. Hughes is a man of "austere courage," "firm and outspoken." Here, as it seems to me, a little austerity would not be entirely out of place; and a better chance of outspeaking would be hard to find. Any bets?

After what Mr. Hughes has so well said about "pork-barrel" legislation, he cannot utter one word to favor the Fairchild candidacy. To do so would be a public confession by Mr. Hughes that, in the matter of "pork," he is total abstainer—but not entirely so.

If Mr. Hughes becomes President he will not remove Republican officeholders and replace them by Democrats. He has spoken very plainly to Mr. Wilson on that subject.

Mr. Hughes has also made some frightful discoveries about the Wilsonian appointment to diplomatic positions of men who had never held diplomatic positions before. So we know what to expect from Mr. Hughes under that head.

A question: If Mr. Hughes were a clergyman would he refuse to marry anyone who had never been married before?

For one thing Democrats, Republicans, Progressives and Retrogressives can be thankful. "Preparedness" is not a partisan issue. On this subject, wise and otherwise scattered in all parties in fairly equal proportion. There is some difference of opinion, I believe, as to what we are preparing for. But that is a mere detail—one of the merest on record.

Mr. Hughes wants a budget system. It might be a good thing, maybe. But I don't see how Mr. Hughes can hope to get it. He is on record as bitterly opposed to "legislation before investigation"—in the matter of the eight-hour bill, the Adamson bill. Plainly, we can not investigate the working of a budget system, because we have no budget system to investigate, just as he could not investigate the working of an eight hour law because he had no eight-hour law to investigate. We will have to call it off, I guess. We don't want to try anything new; it might not work.

That brings us to the tariff. When the war is over, the nations of

Europe are just naturally going to pitch in and ruin the United States. Having no troubles of their own, they are going to turn all their energies to manufacturing more goods than anybody wants and dumping them on the United States—somewhere in New Jersey, I think. So Mr. Hughes tells us, and Mr. Robert Bacon. The remedy, he says, is to raise the tariff and keep it up.

It's this way, you see: In Europe, some millions of the able-bodied men—the workers—will be killed, and other millions crippled. That will make labor scarce and therefore cheap; which will cut down the price of manufacturing; let us have a high tariff for the U. S. A.

Again, many manufacturing plants are destroyed; most of those not destroyed are making war munitions and nothing else, they will have to have new machinery, that will tend to cut down cost of production; green hands will have to be taught the business, which will further lower cost of production. All together, everybody up!

"The United States is in danger, let us have a high tariff to protect us against Europe, or the things we would like to buy will be cheap."

For all that, the war will have to be paid for. For generations to come capital in Europe will have to pay taxes at rates hitherto unheard of. That will further lower manufacturing cost let us have a high tariff in America to protect us from calamity.

The worst is to come. These soldiers, these common working people, after trench and shell-fire and bayonet, may not fear the displeasure of employers—not abjectly. Should they ask for a higher wage, they might (it is conceivable) persist in that demand, though the very lord of the manor should frown. They might even—horrible thought—make so bold as to dodge the poll-tax's club.

And all those considerations tend to make wages higher and so cut down the cost of production; let us put the Republican party in power and enact a high tariff ere it be too late.

When I contemplate the frightful possibility of buying a pair of three-dollar shoes for four dollars, instead of paying five for them as at present, I tremble for my country; and at the prospect of being able to paint my house, I cannot keep back the unmanly tears.

There is something naive almost lovable, in this frantic appeal that we now make haste to raise the tariff lest we be overwhelmed by disaster; I remember of having things we need cheap enough that we can afford to buy them. Here is not attempt to mislead or deceive. This is simple and artless inability to realize that quite a few people are anxious to pay less and not more for the necessities of life. They do not know that most of us have to do without things we need because we can't afford them.

I am not speaking now of the human photographs, who play what-ever record is slipped on, but of our record-makers: Mr. Hughes, who would be our President and our leader, and Mr. Bacon, who aspires to our greatest State in the Senate.

The trouble with men like these is that they don't meet enough ignorant folk to learn the news. But they are both sincere and understandable. They really want a high tariff. They see plainly that a high tariff will make money for the kind of people they meet and have always met; for their friends, associates and clients. They see plainly that, while those friends of theirs are to-day able to manufacture and sell goods at a profit, they would get a much greater profit from the prices they could charge under a high tariff. They are not for a high tariff because of the revenue from import duties which would be paid on imported goods; but because of the higher profits to be gained from goods made here. And they honestly expect us to show exceeding joy for the opportunity to pay those higher prices.

When a man tells me, flat-footed, that he is for a tariff because it produces, because it will put money in his pocket, that position is intelligible to me. It is not high motive, but it is human. And it is honest, in the sense that there is no attempt to deceive. If he adds that in order to get votes enough to put a high tariff on his own pocket he is obliged to give a high tariff on some article of his production—as few as possible—articles he would really prefer to buy cheaper—that position is also intelligible. Grant the suppressed premise that a man's first duty is to seek his own profit, and the logic is unassailable.

But when a man informs me, with flashing eyes and with a thrill in voice, that the very principle of the tariff is so wise and noble and good that none but the wise and good and noble can comprehend it; that those lives are not altogether pure and lovely can never hope to fathom the bliss-

ed mysteries of the tariff; if, say, —no, it couldn't mean that. Perhaps it means that we can have a humanitarian outlook when it pays. One thing is sure; that statement cannot be twisted or wrenched to mean that we are permitted to have a humanitarian outlook, even if it does not pay.

A humanitarian outlook? Once a man had to keep a sharp lookout or some other man would eat him for dinner. From objections to this process arose the first humanitarian outlook. We have made progress to-day, the other man only wants to eat your dinner.

Some of us—Progressives and others—would like to do a little more progress along these lines; looking forward to the dim and distant Utopia where a man shall eat another man's dinner.

Not the least among the truths we hold to be self-evident is this neglected truth: that a high tariff is one of two things; a shrewd device to enable me to eat another man's dinner, or a device to enable another man to eat my dinner.

After so much dispraise of Mr. Hughes I feel bound to state that he improves as the campaign goes on. He discovered in Nashville—to his very great astonishment—that workaday people find a sharp difference of opinion no cause for anger—having learned long since and sadly that their most cherished opinions are often wrong. There are few workaday people who have not seen a stubborn sun indubitably go down while an entirely honorable and much-beloved watch bore indignant witness that the hour was high noon.

Mr. Hughes has lived in that rarified stratum of the upper air where to challenge the accuracy of an eighteen-jewel mind was a species of blasphemy. Nashville opened his eyes. In no uncertain terms he flung defiance to a hostile audience and won from that audience more enthusiasm and admiration than he had hitherto accumulated in all his prudent journeyings, by all his prudent and censored speech.

Since that day the "austere courage" of Mr. Hughes has been less austere and more courageous. An in one of his speeches he made last week, his words were plain and direct. You did not have to guess at what he meant; you did not blunder, blindly and befogged, to a wrong understanding of what he meant. I disagree, very heartily, with what he meant; but it would be ungracious for me to say so. That subject here. This man may be my President. That his opinions are not mine is a small matter. That the man is still growing and capable of vacillation is a very great matter.

Mr. Hughes has improved in other ways. In another speech last week he used these words: "Our friends, the Democrats." Then he stopped and added, "For they are our friends."

That is the right spirit. That is Americanism, perhaps.

With no unkindly purpose I recall that Mr. Hughes was not always thus. In the not unrecurrent past, the undiluted Americanism of Mr. Hughes has sometimes needed a chaser.

Mr. Hughes is growing. I congratulate our Republican friends. They are our friends.

"Americanism" is a new word. It has no meaning. It serves the purpose of a "dummy" on a bookshelf. Let us hope that we will yet get good books to fill that shelf; let us hope that the action of Americans will clothe this new word with a noble meaning.

"Americanism" should not mean hatred for everything foreign. It should mean friendship and mutual toleration of Americans. Americanism will mean, I hope, something like this: "We are in the same boat; don't rock the boat."

It might be well if we should all row in the same general direction; it is certainly better, when we differ as to destinations, that we do not thrash each other with the oars, that we talk it over. The practice of rowing in circles is much esteemed and undeniably exhilarating; but the chance of a landfall is somewhat diminished.

At the present time we are fairly well agreed as to the most hopeful direction in which to row; but there is some question as to whether we shall all row.

A few, I believe, prefer to go as passengers; and there is some wild talk from oarsmen with blistered hands of lightning ship by throwing a few overboard. Curiously enough, they mention the same few who prefer to be passengers.

I am opposed to this measure, myself. My outlook is humanitarian, for one thing; and after all, the sharks have done nothing to me. Mr. Hughes has learned much since Nashville. He is a teachable citizen, I think. But he has had mighty bad teachers. I prefer Mr. Wilson for President for many reasons; not the

least reason is that Mr. Hughes has so much to unlearn.

Whether Mr. Hughes is elected or not, he is unlearning things; he may yet deserve to be described in the immortal phrase of O. Henry:

"College man—educated, too!"

I venture to predict that if Mr. Hughes becomes President he will meet so many Republicans that he will think tenderly of Democrats ever after.

And I think, if Mr. Hughes becomes President, he will be confronted by many tough problems, problems in which he will toil doggedly, loyally—perhaps honestly, to find no pleasant and quite jolly solution possible. I think Mr. Hughes will then repent many of the hard things he has said of Mr. Wilson. He may even retract them.

As to Mr. Wilson, he is equal to either fortune. He may win or lose; but his place is sure in our hearts and in history. For a time, the extent of his achievement may be subject of debate, there can be no possible doubt as to its direction.

en it careful study. It means, I think, —no, it couldn't mean that. Perhaps it means that we can have a humanitarian outlook when it pays. One thing is sure; that statement cannot be twisted or wrenched to mean that we are permitted to have a humanitarian outlook, even if it does not pay.

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BOIES PENROSE WELCOMED IN G. O. P. COUNCIL**Branded as "Worst Type of Political Boss," Republicans Pander to Him.**

New York, Oct. 7.—Boies Penrose, Pennsylvania's astute representative of the G. O. P. Old Guard, was welcomed yesterday at the Headquarters of the Republican National Committee, Senator Penrose denounced by Roosevelt four years ago as representing the worst type of political boss, enjoyed the unique experience of sitting down in party counsel with Chairman Wilcox and George W. Perkins, erstwhile manager of Mr. Roosevelt's unsuccessful candidacy for the Presidency.

The warmth and cordiality of Senator Penrose's reception at Republican National Headquarters is construed as public recognition of the Pennsylvania Old Guard representative as the sole and exclusive manager of Mr. Hughes' campaign in the Keystone State.

The spectacle of Mr. Penrose and Mr. Perkins collaborating in support of Mr. Hughes is a little more than New York Progressives are able to digest with relish.

As indicative of the real feeling of Progressives in this State John J. O'Connell, Chairman of the New York County Progressive Committee, announced to-day that he would lead a large delegation of New York Progressives to Shadow Lawn on Saturday to hear President Wilson's address to the Woodrow Wilson Independent League and to the Wilson National College Men's League.

The attitude of the genuine Progressives of this State is further emphasized in a telegram sent to-day by Bainbridge Colby, Progressive candidate for United States Senator, to Francis J. Heney, Progressive leader of California, which is in part as follows:

"As a Progressive, I am supporting President Wilson because he is the foremost Progressive in the country to-day. His record is one of devotion to Progressive principles and of extraordinary persistence and success in translating them into law."

"The opposition to the President is sinister and contemptible. It is composed of all the shrill and discordant forces of envy, selfishness, privilege and faction, both alien and native."

"The speeches of Hughes are nothing but calculating evasions. He is trying to play both ends against the middle, and by confining himself to timorous generalities, avoid offense to any section by his motley following, and thus 'get' the voters 'coming and going'."

He is shrinking in the public estimation daily, as his insincerity is contrasted with the courage, candor, and patriotism of the President, whose re-election, I am thankful to say, is assured beyond doubt."

Commenting upon the situation presented by these developments, Chairman Vance McCormick to-day said: "The real Progressives are not being fooled for a minute. They know that Hughes is the candidate of all the old rock-ribbed stand-patters. Hughes is telling them one thing and Roosevelt something else. It's too fishy. They're not going to swallow it."

"Take the Progressive enrollment in this State. At the primaries, Judge Seabury, Democratic candidate for Governor, received 40 per cent, and Bainbridge Colby, an open supporter of President Wilson, received a majority. All the President needs is 25 per cent. of the Progressive vote to carry the State."

Fort Wayne, Ind., was chosen for the 1917 meeting of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist church.

The exports of copper for the week ended Oct. 5, amounted to 3,221 tons, against 4,627 tons in the corresponding week last year.

JUST ARRIVED DUTCH AND FRENCH BULBS. JOHN RECK & SON

NOTICE—We Buy

OLD FALSE TEETH

OLD BRIDGES AND CROWNS In Any Condition. We Guarantee Highest Prices. Bring or Mail to **UNIVERSAL TOOTH CO.** ROOM 204, WARNER BUILDING, 83 FAIRFIELD AVE.

KRELL'S REASONS FOR SUPPORTING WOODROW WILSON**Prominent Manufacturer Believes Change of Presidents Harmful.**

Cincinnati, Oct. 7.—Albert Krell, president of the Krell Piano Company, this city, who has voted for seven consecutive Republican candidates for President, in a public announcement of his determination to support Woodrow Wilson for re-election, says in part:

"I am for Woodrow Wilson for president because I do not believe we should make a change in this critical period."

"I am for him because even under the greatest pressure, he saved us from taking a hand in the war on the allies' side."

"I am for him because he has been a wonderful president. Intellectually he is higher than any president since Lincoln."

"I am for him because he has made possible the enactment of a great program of legislation beneficial to the people."

"I am for him because he prevented the railroad strike which would have created the greatest industrial calamity in our history."

"I knew many other German Americans who feel as I do about the presidential situation."

This announcement follows closely the convention of the German-American Alliance of Ohio which endorsed Candidate Hughes as the man all German-Americans should vote for.

Samuel Seabury, Democratic candidate for governor, opened his speaking campaign at Mineola, L. I.

"Mother" Jones, who came to New York from Arizona to help the street strikers to win, has abandoned the job.

**Highest Standard of Excellence**

From the beautiful finish of the surface, clear through to the most secret interior parts there is the same high purpose to make the Weaver Piano superior to all others. The result is a new high standard of excellence in Piano quality.

Sold in Bridgeport only by **Piquette Piano Co.** 60 CANNON STREET.

Also agents for the Sonora and Grafonola Talking Machines and Records. G 2 4 *

JUST ARRIVED DUTCH AND FRENCH BULBS. JOHN RECK & SON

About one-half mile above Saint Vincent's Hospital, and from Main Street clear through to Madison Avenue, is a ridge of land overlooking Long Island Sound.

Burnsford Avenue has been constructed here.

A boulevard—cinder paved, of highest engineering skill and artistic conception.

Water mains are now laid.

Electric lights contracted for.

Gas to be installed before Spring.

Restrictions—on each and every piece.

Warranty Deed given on first payment of \$200.

Not a low lot—most of them arranged for terracing.

Twenty-two lots sold—twelve for cash.

Price Six Hundred Dollars for a fully graded fifty-foot lot.

Corner lots Nine Hundred Dollars upward.

Prices to be advanced next season.

Send for a map or a salesman—or both.

On the ground or at 952 Main Street.

We believe in it—you will if you see it.